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From the Newry Examiner, (an Irish paper.)

The Three Preachers.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power:
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour,
With a shrill, fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:
"Backward, ye presumptuous nations:
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor and to pray;
Priests and kings are God's viceregents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backward, ye presumptuous nations—
Back! Be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher:
Soft he talks as if he sung.
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from the tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands:
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations;
And be happy, all ye lands!
Earth was made by One Almighty,
And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so:
We are happy as we are.
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightiest is the younger preacher;
Genius flashes from his eyes:
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies:
* * * * *
"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might.
While an error clouds the reason;
While a sorrow gnaws the heart;
While a slave awaits his freedom—
Action is the wise man's part.
Forward! ye awakened nations!
Action is the people's part."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.
Tyranny has curbed its pride;
Errors that were deified,
Into darkness have been hurled;
Slavery and Liberty,
And the Wrong and Right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward! preacher; onward, yet!

There are pens to tell your progress—
There are eyes that pine to read;
There are hearts that burn to aid you—
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preachers! Onward, nations!
WILL must ripen into DEED.

Indian Eloquence.

Kah-ge-ga-bough, (Rev. G. Copway) recently addressed the Legislature of Virginia, and an assemblage of citizens, at the Courthouse, Richmond, upon the past, present, and future condition of his race. He proposes that the U. S. Government should set apart a reserve on the head waters of the Missouri, of some sixty square miles, where, encouraged by the hope of a permanent home, the remnant of all tribes may devote their attention entirely to agricultural pursuits. The following extract from the Richmond Southerner's report is the concluding passage of his address:

Since I have commenced to address the people of these United States, I have spent sleepless nights, with an aching heart, pondering over the blessings which would follow it if this end could be attained. Imagination has pictured to me churches and institutions of learning dotting all over the Indian's land. O! if ever the day comes when I shall see the Indian happy in the enjoyment of his peaceful possessions, I shall get my people to raise another monument, in the center of our nation, on whose dizzy height we will place the figure of a man whose fame, honor, and virtues are undying—who emerged from the dark days of the revolution—the man of that age, and now the pride of every American citizen—George Washington. (Applause.) We will rehearse to our children his noble deeds, as one above all others the true model of the world. Yes, our children, imbibing his spirit, one may ascend the hill of attainment, and with something else beside the warclub in his hand, he will cut a notch in the end of the nineteenth century, which will illustrate his genius and nobleness to the world! We will raise another, on whose column we will place our benefactor and friend, a man with a wide brim hat—the personification of Christianity—the noble and illustrious William Penn. (Applause.) And the heart of the Indian will swell as he views it, as mine leaps with joy at the bare mention of his name. It remains to be seen whether I shall be blessed with success in my mission of mercy, with the Congress of the United States. Should we be so fortunate as to get the coöperation of the government, we shall raise a third, and there place a short, noble, venerable-looking man: a man, a patriot, as the man who shaped out the good and true destiny of the American races of this country: I mean Zachary Taylor! (A deafening shout.) I beg of you to receive my warm acknowledgments for your kind attention, and I ask of you to pray to the Great Spirit that the same angel who nursed me in the woods, may guide and shield me while I live.

THE MARRIAGE OF ABEL: Fragments of Early Times.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It was the morning of the Sabbath: there was a holy calm resting upon the earth, and the air seemed hushed in solemn silence. The broad light of the lately-risen sun was poured through the gorge of a mountain, and down the slope, until it rested on the outspread plain below, where were blooming flowers of various hues and commingled odors. There was no rank luxuriance—that proves the fullness of blossom, and mars the hopes of abundant fruit; no vegetable decay had yet enriched the earth, by centuries' deposit,—but herb and plant sprung up in their order, with size and form, with scent and beauty, as they had been fashioned by the hand of the Creator, and colored with hues drawn from heaven.

Spread abroad were flocks of sheep and goats, whose milk and wool compensated the watchfulness and care of their owners, but whose herding was the result of their gregarious nature, rather than the teaching and discipline of man.

Though the whole scenery was made beautiful by the irregularity which marked the surface of the earth, yet there were no ravines, no upturning or wasting of the hillsides by torrents; for as yet, there were no inequalities in the movement of our planet,—the poles of the earth were then the poles of the heavens, and no change of position disturbed the atmosphere, or excited to meteorological phenomena. The dew dropped from heaven, like angels' tears, to moisten and refresh the flowers; and the clouds sent forth at times their treasures of rain to gladden, not to mar, the earth.

The trees, though of the oak and especially the plane, were yet of slender growth; no decay had reached a single stock, nor had time destroyed a branch. Here and there, however, towered up samples of trees of giant size, but not of giant growth: they were of the creation, and knew no culture or bending of the twig; the hand of the great Architect had placed them where they were, and their first fruits had produced the beautiful clumps that dotted the scene. Young nature was there in all her loveliness, her maiden charms, and maiden purity; and the sun, the great source of light and day, seemed to derive pleasure from the scene, which his own presence made so lovely.

Perhaps it would be better to say that the sun assisted to make it lovely; for beside the profusion of beauty that was manifest in the scene,—hill and dale, mountain and plain, stream and lake, tree, plant, and flower, and the gorgeous sunlight that seemed to rest upon their impalpable richness—beside all these, there was to be seen a beauty in all, and around all, that seemed independent of the combination of visible charms; one, in happy association, as if present to make

all else more lovely, but still referable to an independent and invisible cause.

In the infancy of nature the spirit of the great parent of all hovered over the cradle, and whispered peace, and safety, and love: and the conscious presence of the divinity diffused over the face of earth a smile of grateful recognition. And the incense of warbling and of odor mingled with that of enjoyment, as a tribute to Him whose hand had spread abroad such expressive loveliness: all was altar, all was sacrifice, all was priesthood,—and in all and over all, beautifying and sanctifying was the object of adoration.

Up from the center of the lovely scene rose, in delightful harmony, two voices hymning THE GOD. Intelligence was in the sound; and in words meet for praise, two hearts blessed their Preserver for the peace and rest of the past night, and for the love with which each was animated for the other—and both for the Creator. Two beings, members of the first family of earth, were sitting beneath a tree whose pensile branches shut out the rays of the sun, while they invited the morning breezes that came over meadow and upland, bearing the fragrance of every lovely flower, and imparting health and delight.

The morning hymn died away, though gentle sounds, as is if echoes were multiplied in the air, seemed to repeat and protract the notes. There were auditors, not visible, and worshipers, unseen, whose office was to bear upward the prayer and praise of contrite, grateful hearts to the visible presence of Him who was invisibly present everywhere, or seen only in and by his works, and heard by his providences. When the aerial sounds had ceased, the pair rose from their knees; and as the youngest, and most delicate, assumed an upright position, her long hair fell gracefully backward, and displayed a face of exquisite loveliness, on which rested a smile of humble devotion, mingled with a consciousness of accepted sacrifice.

"Have you felt as I have," said she, "when rising from our devotion—some sense of peculiar presence—awful, yet delightful; and as the sound of our own voice is wafted away, or taken up for repetition by the invisible guardians around us, an influx of spiritual warmth has come, as if the perishable breath that passed from our lips had been replaced by the warmth of seraph respiration?"

"I have remarked, dear sister," said the other, as he threw his vigorous arm over the delicate shoulder of his companion,—“I have remarked that the answer to our prayers seems often to precede the petition, and that heavenly-mindedness, which begets prayer and is the end of prayer, seems in the heart before we ask the gift: its own loveliness inspiring a wish for its continuance.”

"Even, dear Abel, as but yesterday, our father besought the heavenly messenger to continue his visit, because the presence had created a desire for augmentation of the companionship."

"But now, that my flocks rest from their night grazing, and need less my watchfulness than at evening, and early morning, let us repair to our father's abode, that, having changed vows of love to each other, and offered praise to God, we may exhibit obedience to our parents, and unite with them and our brother and sister in the worship which our Creator demands, and to which this day is specially devoted."

"I would gather a bunch of flowers for dear Cain," said the female, "but that I have marked that he never exhibits a love for flowers, though his life is devoted to the cultivation of the earth. It is strange that he should find no pleasure in what may be considered the most delightful branch of his pursuit, especially when that pursuit is voluntary!"

"That is, because the end of his labor is that which occupies his thoughts—he has less joy in the pursuit than in the results, and the accumulation of perishable products is the object which excites and rewards his exertions."

"But Cain has a heart susceptible of the finest feelings, of the deepest, purest love. Oh, Abel, could you have heard his impassioned appeal to me when last we met, and when all I could say to him was that he could never have less from me than a sister's love—and I had nothing more to offer—could you have heard or seen him then, you would have confessed that Cain possessed all that power of love which you say is necessary to an enjoyment of nature's wonders: as they lie stretched out before us!"

"Susceptibility of strong feelings, of love, indeed, my dear sister, is not the evidence or that quality which makes lovely—the most sordid selfishness is quite consistent with the most violent passion. But the delicacy of sentiment which you describe, of which I know you possessed, and which alone gives attraction to love, has in it nothing of self. True love—pure affection, seeks the good of its object. Think you, my beloved one, that I could claim the fulfillment of your promise to wed me, on the morrow, if there lurked in your heart a wish to marry Cain? Or, could I desire, loving Cain as I do, that he should lose you? Do you not remember the remark of the blessed angel: that the peace of heaven was more peaceful, if not preserved, by the association of divine feelings of corresponding affection, corresponding powers, and corresponding views?"

"But could Cain have sought only his personal gratification in his efforts to bring me to his tent? Might he not have sought my happiness as well as his own, and intended to devote himself to the promotion of that peace which arises only from mutual sacrifice?"

"Do you believe, dear sister, that he could thus have acted, and thus have made you happy?"

"I do believe, Abel, that he had thus resolved, and that I might have found happiness in his resolve. I think there is in my heart, and I have

thought that I discovered the same in our mother's, a feeling of pride in man's devotion which would supply to us the place of affection, if the devotion was constant."

"But can that devotion be constant without love? Will not the accidents of life disturb the devotion of man, and thus destroy the occasion of pride in woman. Alas, what but love—pure as an angel's affection—could bind our parents now. What, dear Mahala, would supply to you the place of love, when the rash humor of our elder brother should manifest itself, if not in unkindness, at least, in restlessness and neglect."

"How often, Abel, have we seen the sign of grief, almost of anger, pass from our Father's brow, and the smile of affection take its place, as he cast his eye upon his group of children, upon Cain and you, and little Ada and myself; may not the Creator have placed children in the tent of man, not more to perpetuate the race than to soothe the present irritation, and bring back to the heart the affection which disappointment and vexation seem to be expelling thence?"

"All your thoughts! Mahalah—all your arguments, are urged with the loveliness of your own affection. So pure, so elevated are all your feelings, that the angels who are invisible around us constantly commune with your spirit, and cultivate and strengthen those sentiments of good which influence your motive and direct your action. But, alas, my dear sister, what would that heart be, if good affections with angelic influences did not fill it all? Be assured, when once the sanctuary of love is violated; and envy and desire for revenge enter the inclosure, then all true affection is driven forth as were our parents from Eden, and flaming swords guard the desecrated spot."

"But let us hasten, Mahala, for I see our father entering the tent of worship, and I would not be, nor have you, the last to meet him—Cain yet lingers in his garden, and will earn rebuke by his tardiness."

"But would it not be kindness, Abel, for us to linger yet, that Cain may enter first, and then be spared the censure of Adam."

"No, no, my beloved one, no; when offense has been committed, to mitigate or share the consequence, may be good; but to do the wrong that another may be spared, is in itself a sin. Let us hasten onward, lest our absence be construed into disobedience to our father. 'How terrible is disobedience, how fearful are its consequences.'"

Hand in hand the affianced ones passed onward, and joined the family group that was about to offer prayer to God. And upward to heaven from the family altar ascended the smoke of the sacrifice which the fire was consuming, and upward from the hearts of the worshipers, went the incense from the sacrifice of desires and the offerings of affection, which man burns to his Maker's glory and his own good.

* * * * *

Standing among the luxuriant products of the virgin soil was the first-born of men; he had been looking with joy and pride, at the bountiful harvest that rewarded his pleasant toil, and the bursting buds, and wanton growth of the yet unblossoming tree and herb, age and infancy mingled in vegetation as in animal life—and as spring, and summer, and autumn, poured out to him their leaves, their branches, and their fruits, the heart of the only tiller of the soil, was lifted or a moment in holy reverence and earnest gratitude to Him who had blessed his labor and changed the curse of toil to a blessing for the humble.

Another form was walking in the garden—and the face of Cain, burnt as it was by exposure to the wind and sun, was lighted by a smile of recognition, as he welcomed the winged messenger.

"I came with pleasure, Cain, at your bidding; for I have waited long this rarely-occurring invitation."

"Invitation!—joyed as I am to meet you, did I invite your presence? I was wrapt for a moment in gratitude and praise to the Creator of all and the bestower of all."

"And that gratitude and praise is the invitation which we recognize; you offer prayer and praise, and we bring the response. Less and less frequent has been my visible presence with you for very many days, though I and others are around you at all times; but passion darkens the atmosphere, or dims the vision, and we are unseen and unfelt."

"Are the future inhabitants of the earth to be passionless?"

"Alas! no; ages after ages shall pass, and each successive age shall have less communication with the spiritual world. In time the living word of God shall become precious by its scarcity—until at length the revelation cease, and man be left to the record of what has been."

"But shall not knowledge supply its place?"

"Knowledge of what? Can human knowledge exceed divine intelligence? and can the interpreters of man's words pour knowledge upon the world like the messengers of God? No, Cain, no—with sin and disobedience shall come darkness of intellect—oracles shall fail—divine messages shall cease—and the just conception of God's works on earth, and of the laws He has given the heavens, shall be lost; and false notions of nature, false teaching concerning the stellar hosts shall prevail—man himself shall turn from the worship of the Creator to admiration of the created, and idolatry shall be the child and the promoter of ignorance."

"Ignorance! can man cease to know what he has already learned?"

"With the diminution of joy in knowledge will be the diminution of science itself; until what you have learned from Adam shall be forgotten by man; and when this earth has grown

old, men will acquire an immortality of fame by discovering truths of nature, which are known to little Ada, your youngest sister. It will be worth the sacrifice of life, for a man to ascertain that the planet which you inhabit moves in a mighty circle round the sun."

"Why, how else will they suppose that the system could be balanced?"

"It will be a part of their ignorance, not to know that such a balance is necessary. But you will learn these things from Adam; he is instructed in the laws by which matter in all its forms exists and associates; and he knows that while these laws cannot fail, a knowledge of their operation may cease to exist among men."

"Can such changes be?"

"Can they fail to be; see what changes are around you—what of the Garden is left? The mighty stream that poured through that lovely inclosure, as your father has often told you, has by mere attrition worn away the soil of the place consecrated by Adam's sinless youth, and the visible presence of the *Elohim*; so that ere long the distant sea will receive as a deposit from the stream, the last of the earth that composed that home of innocence; and the angel of the flaming sword will be called away from a guardianship where nothing is left to provoke in man a desire to return—nothing that the hand of disobedience could desecrate."

"Has sin changed aught in me?"

"Has it not? Where are your daily colloquies with heavenly messengers? where the fulfillment in you, or through you, of those mighty promises whose prospective fulfillment soothed the anguish of Eve's departure from Paradise?"

"Shall not the world be blessed in my seed?"

"Neither in thee nor thine."

"Tis for Abel then, and Mahala:—and, with this outrage on my affection is the disappointment of the promise of my birth? And I must toil on amid the profusion of inanimate earth—an outcast in my love, disappointed in my ambition: and Abel must triumph in all—beloved of Adam and Eve, of Mahala, of—"

"God."

"Of God—beloved of God; and thus from him shall come the Shiloh!"

The fading form of the angel was scarcely seen by Cain, but this voice was heard pronouncing: "neither in thee nor in Abel shall the promise be fulfilled; for the unborn has the Maker reserved the honor." * * * * *

[Concluded in next number.]

Welsh Sayings.

Three warnings from the grave—"thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

Three things seen in a peacock—the guard of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

For The Student.

Influences of Education on Communities.

BY WM. RANKIN,

Principal of the Classical School, Deckertown, N. J.

The intelligent traveler, standing on the mountain of Passilippo, beholds a scenery, to which, in the whole world, he scarcely finds a parallel. At his feet westward, is spread out the enchanting vale of Neapolis, embosomed in the lovely margin of which, a spacious bay, studded with sunny isles, and half encircled by shores robed with orange groves, stretches its silvery waters until lost in the expansive Mediterranean; while eastward, and above him, rises mountain turret and towering crag, exhibiting one of nature's most sublime and beautiful amphitheatres. Still, in the background, and towering above all, with its blackened sides and ever-flaming crater, stands the terrible Vesuvius.

The associations that here crowd the memory of the spectator are no less interesting than the scenery that meets his eye. In his immediate presence stands the tomb and rest the ashes of that tongue, by which were once made vocal the hills and vales of far-famed Mantua. In the distance once shone the island of Baie, adorned with numerous villas of Roman Senators, and honored with the academy of Cicero. And there, too, the cite of Capua, celebrated as having, by its luxuriant pleasures, subdued the mighty army of the terrific Carthaginian. On the other hand, and beneath the vast fields of lava, lie, in eternal sleep, the once gay, active, and magnificent cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

But let our traveler now descend and traverse the streets of Naples, and how is he struck in turning his eye from the glories of the works of God, to the disgrace of that human depravity, with which he is in contact. Squalid wretchedness and abject ignorance everywhere abound. Thieves and beggars by thousands crowd the streets. The traveler shudders at the thought of taking lodgings in the polluted place, and embarks on the departing ship, and finds peaceful refuge on the dark wave of the Mediterranean.

Select another town, which in point of interesting location, will bear comparison with that just alluded to. Two distinguished chains of mountains, from different directions, approach within a few miles of the place, and abruptly terminate as if hewn perpendicularly down, leaving a plain of several miles in extent for the cite of the beautiful city of New Haven. Here let the reflecting traveler arrive, and two miles distant from the city, stand on the summit of West Rock.

He views far in the east, an extended sheet of water, decked with many a snowy sail, while still beyond a magnificent island forms the blue margin on the horizon, stretching to the right and left interminably. Centrally in this grand picture stands the lovely city. The stranger descends from his lofty speculum, and traverses its

streets. It is the hour of church. The melodious chime of bells calls worshipers from every quarter. The smooth and spacious green, on which several sacred edifices rear their glittering spires, is checkered in every direction with advancing groups—hoary age, blooming youth, and happy childhood commingle the silent ejaculation—

"The joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honored dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor."

Let the spectator now institute the inquiry: Why does the city of New Haven strongly attract the virtuous heart, and that of Naples repel it? Why is not the lovely shore of ancient Campania now the residence of an intelligent, enlightened, virtuous, and happy population? Why is not the vale of New Haven the very abode of indolence, ignorance, debauchery, theft, and squalid wretchedness.

Who would not unhesitatingly answer, that the spirit of liberal and sound education is welcomed to the one, and completely diffused through the mass of its population; while from the other, with the exception of a few cloistered instances, it is completely excluded? Let it be understood, that education in its extensive and proper sense, is here intended—that education which cultivates and rectifies the whole mind, intellectually and morally.

Reader, are you a patriot? Rest your country's liberty, wealth, honor, and happiness on a sound education. Do you view yourself in the light of a philanthropist? Education, with all that the term justly embraces, is the good Samaritan that pours healing oil and wine into the bruises of the mind bowed down beneath the shackles of ignorance.

But especially, are you a parent? Wish you ardently the best interests of your offspring? Open then the windows that admit light into the mind of thy child. God has built that mind for a mansion of knowledge. He has founded it on earth, and designed it to rise above the skies. That mind contains many chambers of resplendent grandeur, and pavilions of immortal happiness: but the key, in a great measure, is committed to thy care, which unlocks and illumines this noble structure. You can withhold the light, and in consequence, it may smolder in darkness, and crumble into irremediable ruin.

An Incident of Real Life.

In the following interesting narrative of one of those real struggles of the young to assist their parents, which sparkle like diamonds along the pathway of human life, there is a moral heroism manifested, which marks the pure gold of human character.

"Business called me to the United States Land

Office. While there awaiting the completion of my business, a lad apparently about sixteen to seventeen years old, came in and presented to the receiver a certificate of purchase for forty acres of land. I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the lad, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land; the reply was, "For myself, sir." I then inquired where he got the money? He answered, "I earned it by my labor." "Then," said I, "you richly deserve the land." I then inquired, "Where did you come from?" "New York," said he. Feeling an increased desire to know something more of this lad, I asked him whether he had any parents, and where they lived. On this question he took a seat, and gave me the following narrative:

"I am from New York State—have there living a father, mother, and five brothers and sisters—I am the oldest child. Father is a drinking man, and often would return home from his day's work drunk, and not a cent in his pocket to buy food for his family, having spent all his day's earnings in liquor, with his drinking companions. The family had to depend chiefly on mother and myself for bread; this distressed mother much, and had a powerful effect on my feelings.

Finding father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way, to relieve mother, sisters, and brothers from want. After revolving things over in my mind, and consulting with mother, I got all the information I could about the Far West, and started from home for Wisconsin, with three dollars in my pocket.

I left home on foot. After spending my three dollars, I worked occasionally a day, and renewed my travel so long as money lasted. By labor occasionally, and the charitable treatment I got on the road, I landed in Wisconsin. Here I got an ax, set to work and cleared land by the job—earned money, saved it, until I got fifty dollars, which money I now pay for this forty acres of land."

"Well, my good lad"—for by this time I became much interested in his history—"what are you now going to do with this land?"

"Why sir, I will continue to work and earn money, and when I have spare time, prepare some of my land for culture; raise myself a log house, and when prepared, will write father, and mother, brothers and sisters, to come to Wisconsin and enjoy this home. This land, now bought by me, I design for my mother, which will secure her from want in her declining years."

"What," said I, "will you do with your father if he continues to drink ardent spirits to excess?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm, he will feel at home, will work at home, keep no liquor in the house, and in a short time he will be a sober man."

I then replied, "Young man, these being your principles so young, I recommend you to improve on them, and the blessing of God will attend you. I shall not be surprised to hear of your advance-

ment to the highest post of honor in the State; with such principles as you have, you are deserving of the noblest commendation!"

By this time, the Receiver handed him his duplicate receipt for his forty acres of land. Rising from his seat, on leaving the office, he said, "At last I have a home for my mother!"

From Wright's Paper.

The Spider's Thread.

That any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman for the capture of its prey; that it should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange, that if we did not see it done daily before our eyes, by the common house-spider, and garden-spider, it would seem wonderful.

But how much is our wonder increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to all this, as an example of the wonders which the most common things exhibit, when carefully examined, the net of the garden-spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk.

The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of a silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly which comes in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Mr. Blackwall to contain 87,360 of these globules.

True Philosophy.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to B—, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches"—coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with a long journey.

"We have not any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their's; and it costs as much as my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do anything for you?"

"He is a good man; he does all he can; but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman; "I consider that I have a great reason to be thankful that he never took to bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family ma'am; but there's no one of them I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need be, all willing to work, and all kind to me. Even the smallest boy, when he gets a half-penny now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No ma'am; as soon as they are large enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are abed."

"Don't you think you would be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why no ma'am, I don't. If I had not been married, I should have had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look to the time when they will do as much for me as I have done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman, which I shall not soon forget.—*Sedgwick.*

Childhood and Youth.

Childhood and youth, like the sweet flowers of summer, are beautiful: beautiful in their own bright forms—happy in their own sweet visions. Light as the air they breathe, no cares, no anxieties press upon them, save those which are like the still dews of evening that fall on blushing flowers, and pass away in the first rays of the morning sun.

Childhood and youth, like flowers, soon fade—soon cease to attract, by their richness and beauty, the admiring eye. Some retain their fragrance long after their liveliest hues are fled; while others more gaudy, more shrinkingly brilliant, expire as they close their bright petals, and we know them no more forever: no perfume remains to render their faded leaves precious. How necessary for the young to cultivate their minds while living among sunshine and flowers, and derive instruction from them. As they grow in years, and enter upon the active duties of life, how desirable it is that they should perform their part upon its tragic stage in such a manner as shall render them useful and respected. They will soon be parents—soon have the care of young mortals; surrounded by those who will look up to them for amusement and instruction. Their minds must be cultivated, if they would

be happy and make others so; their hearts store-houses of intelligence, from which should emanate all that can delight. Home must be the bright spot; earth must know none which can equal it. It must be the resort of love, of peace, of joy. Everything depends upon the proper cultivation of the mind. Let the bible be first studied; it is from this sacred fount the infant becomes first nourished. How the bright eyes of the listening cherubs gleam with the varied emotions of joy and grief, at the recital of its interesting stories.

Let truth be first stamped upon opening intellects, for great is the pleasure derived from this pure fountain of enjoyment. The mother can gain much by conversing with her children; they can be calmed and stilled in this way, better than in any other. Children become weary of their playthings, and are often irritable; their feelings must be soothed by their mother; this is her peculiar province; and as they grow in years she must strengthen her efforts. Home must still be the elysium of their souls. If separated, much still depends upon the mother; she must follow her children with her letters and her counsel. Her communications must be such as to keep alive the flame of love, and draw their minds back to the scenes of their childhood, that, however remote they may be—in whatever situation they may be placed—in temptation, in sickness, in health, in prosperity or adversity—like a charm, home and mother must operate upon them and prove a talisman to guide them all in their devious ways.

In affliction's stormy hour, when the bright orb of day is shut from the weakened eye—when the voice of song is hushed, and the ramblings among the flowers are over—when the same monotonous scene occurs from day to day, from month to month, and not unfrequently from year to year, it is then the mind seeks relief; it wants enjoyment, for it is an active principle which will never, which can never sleep; and the more intense the suffering, the more active the spirit. Nothing can chain it, it will work—it will ruminate upon the bygone scenes of joy and grief—lights and shades pass over it. It receives consolation from its own resources. The books studied, the lessons imparted, sermons well digested, miscellany, lyrics, poetry, history, etc., all serve to comfort and relieve the aching mind. Persons in distress can overcome a thousand nameless evils, by reciting or composing; such a train of thought overcomes pain and lifts the soul above earth. How necessary to enrich the mind in early life, "before the evil days come." It dies not with the body; it runs parallel with God. It is a living, undying principle, and must be enriched here. The more it knows of God, the more it will be like him; and the better prepared for sublimer enjoyments above. The soul that views God in all his works, in every tree, shrub, and flower, "sees him in clouds and hears him in the wind." With every change, with every

object, associates the Deity. That soul lives a life truly great, and will rise high in a purer clime, amid the bright constellation of intellectual beings who worship continually before the throne of God and the Lamb. Let the youth attend to these, and for a moment suspend their anxiety for the outward adornment of their persons; and, remember, a well educated mind is a jewel far more estimable in the eyes of an intelligent man, than the most beautiful exterior, deficient of this treasure. It is the only source of enjoyment here, and will enhance their happiness in another and a brighter world.

Household Training.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

"As I have said before, no human faculty needs to be suppressed; because no human faculty is in itself bad. Where any one power appears to be excessive, we are apt to set to work to vex and mortify it: but rather to bring up to it those antagonistic faculties which ought to balance it, and which, in such a case, clearly want strengthening. If, for instance, a child appears to have too much of this faculty of Veneration—if it fancies a mystery in everything that happens, and yields too easily to its companions, and loves ghost stories which yet make it ill, and is always awe-struck and dreaming about something or other—that child is not to be laughed at, nor to be led to despise or make fun of what it cannot understand. That child has not too much Veneration: for no one can ever have too much of the faculty. The mischief lies in his having too little of something else—too little self-respect; too little hope; too little courage.

Let him continue to exercise and enjoy his faculty of Wonder. His mother should tell him of things that are wonderful, and past finding out: and as he grows old enough, let her point out to him that all things in nature are wonderful and past our finding out, from the punctuality of the great sun and blessed moon, to the springing of the blade of grass. Let her sympathize in his feeling that there is something awful in the thunderstorm, and in the incessant roll of the sea. Let her express for him, as far as may be, his unutterable sense of the weakness and ignorance of child or man in the presence of the mighty, ever-moving universe, and of the awful, unknown Power which is above and around us wherever we turn. Let her show respect to every sort of superiority, according to its kind—to old age, to scholarship, to skill of every sort, to social rank and office; and above all, to the superiority that goodness gives. Let her thus cherish and indulge her child's natural faculty, and permit no one else to thwart it. But she must give her utmost pains to exercise, at the same time, his inquiring and knowing faculties, and his courage and self-respect. Among the many wonders which she cannot explain, there are many which he can. He should be encouraged to under-

stand as much as anybody else understands, and especially of those things which he is most likely to be afraid of. He should be made to feel what power is given to him by such knowledge: and led to respect this power in himself as he would in any one else."

The Cheerful Heart.

How wearily the little newsboy plodded along the deserted streets on that New Year's Eve! The cold rain was beating fiercely upon him, and a few tattered garments served to protect him from its rage. All day had he been out amid the storm, and was now returning, weary and hungry to his humble home. The street lamps were lighted, and as he passed by them you could see by the gleam that his face was pale and emaciated,—could see that, young as he was, something had been there already to attenuate his features, and give that wan and desolate look which can be given only by some great affliction, some pinching want or overwhelming grief. You could tell at a glance that a dark shadow was resting on his pathway,—a shadow out of which there seemed, just then, but little hope of escape. Born amid poverty and wretchedness, and left fatherless while yet in his cradle, his life up to that hour had been nothing but misery,—and the whole record of that life was written in his pale face and tattered rags. Yet, with all this, as he passed along, a close observer might have noticed a strange light in his clear blue eye,—an expression of kindly cheerfulness, such as we may not often see in this world of care and grief,—for God's blessing was upon him,—the blessing of a cheerful heart. The sorrows of his life, however deep and abiding, the gloom upon his pathway, however dark and fearful, dimmed not the light that burned so quietly, and yet so steadily, within. Like the Vestal fire of old, it grew not dim, but threw its rays far out over the great gloom around him. There are waking dreams that come upon us sometimes when we least expect them,—bright dreams of love, and home, and heaven,—beautiful visions of such a future, now filled and crowded and blessed the heart of that forsaken boy. He was dreaming as he walked along, of better days to come,—of the time when poverty in his pathway should depart, and the beautiful flowers should spring up to bless him with their presence; of a bright home far away from that great city, upon whose cheerful hearth the fire should not go out, and where hunger should never haunt him more. And then into that dream of a better life, into that vision of a cheerful home far off among the green hills, came a pleasant face, the face of his beloved mother. He could see her as she sat by the lattice at the quiet evening hour, reading the sacred Bible, with the last red rays resting like a glory upon her brow, while the roseleaf trembled at the window, and the little violets folded themselves to sleep. Very pleasant was the picture

there passing before the gaze of that ragged child, very glorious the panorama of green hills and bright flowers and singing birds, very beautiful that humble cottage, half-covered by the clustering foliage, and his heart thrilled and heaved with a strange rapture, never known before; such rapture and such joy as the stricken poor can never know, save when some good angel comes down from the blue heaven and beckons them away from the haunts of woe and want in which they suffer, to the free air and the blessed sunshine.

But the dream had passed; the sun had set; flowers had faded; the cottage had disappeared. Of all the beautiful vision, so cheering and so glorious, no trace remained; no vestige of leaf, or tree, or bird; no letter of his mother's Bible,—no lovelight of his mother's eye. The darkness came around him, and he found himself there amid the storm in the silent streets of that great and sinful city; so gathering his garments more closely about him, he hurried along to his home, with a prayer upon his lip and God's sunlight in his heart. Turning into an obscure street, a few steps brought him to the door of a wretched dwelling, which he entered. Follow now and behold a scene of want and penury, such as may be found sometimes in this world of ours,—a scene upon which men look with unconcern, but on which, thank God! the angels gaze with joy; a home where poverty struggles with a brave heart and is conquered.

Before the fire sat a pale, sad woman, upon whose features the traces of great loveliness were still visible, though sorrow had sharpened them somewhat, and ghastly want done much to dim their beauty. Upon her high and queenly brow the blue veins were clearly visible, as the blood coursed through them with unwonted rapidity. Her large dark eyes were dim with tears. Some new sorrow had started afresh the sealed fountain of her grief,—and now, as she gazed silently upon the red embers, in all the utter agony of despair, it might seem that hope had gone forever and God forsaken her.

"Mother!" said the boy as he entered, all dripping with rain, "I have come at last, and I am tired and hungry."

"My son! my son!" replied the mother, "there is no morsel of food in the house," and her tears broke forth afresh.

Thus had it been for many a weary month. With scarcely food sufficient to support life, that mother and her boy had struggled, and suffered, and wept, and prayed,—and now that the cold winter was coming on, no wonder that her heart shuddered and her cheek grew pale, at the hopeless prospect ahead. How could they pass the dreary days and long nights, the storm, and the terrible cold, without food and raiment, and shelter? And then where could they go when the heartless landlord should thrust them from their present wretched dwelling, as he had threaten-

ed to do on the morrow? Verily the gloom and despair were great and fearful! And yet, even at that desolate hour, an eye looked down from heaven upon the friendless widow. There by the hearthstone,—by the dying embers, an angel hovered, an earthly angel, even in the guise of that tearful child. For

“Earth has its angels, though their forms are molded
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the lovelight on their brow.”

“Mother,” said he, “we will not starve. God has not forsaken us. There are better days to come, mother! I saw it in a dream, and in it I beheld your own dear self, and you were singing a pleasant song away in that blessed hour. Oh, mother, cheer up! cheer up!”

When the little boy lay down upon his wretched couch that night, he was changed. His mother's great despair had transformed him from a suffering child into a strong-hearted man,—from a weak and helpless dependent, into an earnest, thoughtful worker; henceforth, his path was one of duty alone,—and no allurements, be it ever so bright, could turn him from it. Before him glittered forever a guiding star. Existence had for him but one object, and his utmost energies were taxed for its attainment.

Never did the sun rise in greater splendor than on New Year's morning following that night of hunger, gilding the spires and domes of the city with its rays. The streets were already filled with the gay crowd seeking pleasure, and men walked as though new life had been given them by the general hilarity and bracing air.

In the most crowded street was the newsboy, not the disconsolate, wretched lad who had plodded his way through the storm the night before, to a desolate home and a supperless bed. You would not have recognized him as he hurried along eagerly intent on his avocation, and his face all radiant with the great hope that struggled in his heart.

That night joy visited the forsaken fireside. They had paid the landlord his rent, and still had sufficient left to purchase food. It was a merry New Year for them.

Years came and went. Great changes had taken place. The boy had grown to manhood. High honors were conferred upon him. Wealth flowed into his coffers; his praise was upon every tongue. And at this very hour, upon the banks of the majestic Hudson, his mansion stands conspicuous among a thousand others for its taste and elegance.

He has but one companion,—his aged mother,—the lonely widow whom we saw some years ago, gazing mournfully into the fire and watching the flickering light. His influence is felt far and wide, and the poor and wretched of every class and kind come around him with their blessings.

Thank God! thank God! that, scattered here

and there throughout the world, in many an humble home, may be found men and women, unto whom life presents but little of hope or joy, and yet who pass along amid its desolate paths without a murmur, sustained and soothed, and blessed by this alone—A CHEERFUL HEART.

A Contrast.

In the course of a late speech in England, on his scheme of financial reform, Mr. Cobden made the following masterly contrast:

Take care of the United States. America has three times, within the last ten years, been in collision with two of the greatest powers of the world—twice with England, once with France. We had the Maine boundary and the Oregon territory to settle with the United States, and America had her quarrel with France, arising out of a claim for compensation of £1,000,000, which the French government refused to pay. What was the issue of those controversies? When the claim was refused by France, General Jackson, at the head of the American Government, published his declaration, that if the money was not paid forthwith he would seize French ships and pay himself.

At that time—I have it from Americans themselves—the French had three times the force of ships of war that America had; Admiral Macken was in the Gulf of Florida with a fleet large enough to ravage the whole coast of America and bombard her towns; but did France rush into war with America? She paid the money. Why? because she knew well, if she provoked an unjust war with the United States, her men of war were nothing compared with the force that would swarm out of every American port, when brought into collision with a another country. France knew that America had the largest mercantile marine, and though at first the battle might be to the stronger in an armed fleet, in the end it would be to that country which had the greatest amount of public spirit, and the greatest amount of mercantile ships and sailors. (Cheers.)

What was the case with England? In 1846 there was a talk of war with America, on account of Oregon. Bear in mind that America never spent more than £1,000,000 on her navy. We are spending this year £7,000,000 or £8,000,000; but will anybody tell me that America fared worse in that dispute because her resources in ships of war were far inferior to ours? No, but we increased our navy, and we had a squadron of evolution, as it was called. America never mounted a gun at New York to prevent the bombardment of the city; but did she fare the worse? We sent a peer of the realm (Lord Ashburton) to Washington; it was on American soil that the quarrel was adjusted, and rumor does say that America made a very good bargain. (Cheers.) It is the spirit of the people, the prosperity of the people, the growing strength of the people, the union of the people, the determination

of the people, that command respect. Now, what I want you, as a nation, to do, is to believe that other countries will just take the same measure of us that we took of America. They won't come and attack us, merely because we reduce our armaments to £10,000,000. On the contrary, other countries, I believe, will follow our example. (Cheers.)

AWFUL RETRIBUTION.—A Mr. Weatherford, Sheriff of Schuyler county, Missouri, and ex-officio collector of the county revenue, conceiving a design to cheat the commonwealth out of \$2,200 which he had collected, left the money in the care of his wife, part in silver and part in paper, with the declaration that he would be gone several days, and enjoined upon her that she should permit no one to stay all night in the house during his absence. At night a traveler, rather an aged man, applied for entertainment. The woman, at first refusing, under instructions of her husband, was finally persuaded to permit him to remain. About eleven or twelve o'clock the same night some persons demanded entrance into the house, and upon being permitted to come in, they were found to be disguised as negroes and immediately demanded of the woman money, which they said they knew was in the house. The woman handed them the paper money. They told her there was also silver money which she must surrender. She replied that she would go up stairs (where the traveler was lodging) and get it. She informed the old gentleman of the state of things below, he told her to take one of the two pistols which he had, to put the money into her apron, with the pistol concealed behind it, and when either of the robbers came forward to take it, to fire, and he would save another of them with the remaining pistol.

She did as instructed, and one of the men fell dead at her feet. The old man fired and killed another, and the third made his escape. Upon examination it was found that the guilty husband had fallen by the hand of his own wife. Thus it is that a mysterious Providence even in this world metes out punishment to those who transgress His law.—*Hannibal (Mo.) Journal.*

SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.—An experiment has been tried, to test the practicability of extending telegraphic wires across the channel from England to France, and thus effecting an instantaneous communication between London and Paris. The wire used was made of copper, a quarter of an inch in diameter, and covered with gutta percha. It was extended about two miles into the channel, and laid on the bottom of the sea; and at the outer end it was connected with a telegraphic instrument, and messages were interchanged with London—and it was found that sub-marine wires would work as well as those above ground. The experiment was considered every way successful.

THE SCHOOL FRIEND.

CINCINNATI, JULY 1, 1849.

"Education—the Bulwark of Liberty."

M. HAZEN WHITE, EDITOR.

The School Friend.

A correspondent wishes to know whether the School Friend will be continued another year, and informs us that he will endeavor to furnish a list of subscribers for the next volume, if the publishers decide to continue it. We reply that the School Friend is in good health and spirits, and that it will be continued. Our patrons will probably receive seasonable notice, when it concludes to retire from the field. We are happy to inform our friends that our journal has a fair circulation under the present arrangement, but not so extensive as the cause of education requires. Two numbers after the present, will complete the third volume. At this early day we call the attention of our patrons to the claims of our paper to a wider range. We are obliged to our friends who have voluntarily manifested so much interest in obtaining subscribers for the School Friend; but we feel assured that you will allow us to appeal to you again, when you consider the character of our paper—its cheapness—and the noble cause it advocates. It has been said that Western men never back out. We hope our present subscribers will, to a man, not only continue their own subscription, but use their exertions to send us other names.

If any subscriber will make up a club of TEN, and remit us three dollars, he will be entitled to his paper gratis.

The School Friend is strictly EDUCATIONAL in its character. We do not mean by this, that it is confined to the practical matters which technically belong to the school room, though everything which is educational, is not out of place there; but it is educational in its spirit and tendency. Its high aim has been to aid the great work of practical education in the school—to elevate the profession of teaching—to inspire the young to press onward and upward in their efforts to obtain a good education, and fit themselves to be true, whole-souled men and women—to cheer the teacher in his arduous and sometimes discouraging field of labor—to arouse mind to a fuller sense of its own God-like capacities, and the importance of unfolding them harmoniously—to elevate thought, refine the taste, inspire a true patriotism, and purify the heart. All this is EDUCATION—practical education of the highest order—that kind of education which will make good children—good parents—good citizens, and blessed spirits in another world. Review the miscellaneous part of our paper and see if our word is not verified. It contains of the grave, the humorous, and the elegant, some of the choicest extracts our language affords, making it a desirable family paper.

In this age of trash and nonsense, we need something soul-inspiring, elevating, and purifying. With our high purpose in view, we labor on. Shall we work alone, or will you, friends and patrons, work with us? Look around you, see how much ignorance—how much intemperance—how much vice—how much indifference to the improvement and elevation of our race, everywhere prevail. Every individual mind, though existing in a body clothed in rags and besmeared with dirt, is an emanation from the Infinite mind, created in his own image; and will you not do something toward giving some mind near you that needs it, the light which will illuminate its dark chambers—which will renew it and make it a living soul? The world is full of misery. Men are constantly proposing new plans to relieve the poverty, the suffering, and the degradation of men. But we know of no better way than to rightly educate all,

we repeat ALL of the rising generation, in respect to themselves, and their duty to others, their country, and their Heavenly Father. This will strike at the foundation, and will cure an evil which nothing else will. Morally and intellectually educated men and women are not generally found among beggars, vagabonds, and thieves. The uneducated are the victims of prostitution, intemperance, and degradation.

One means of counteracting the current of evil which is constantly hurrying away so many, to destruction, is the circulation of newspapers and journals which will diffuse light. We need such journals in every cottage in the west. We must educate the rising generation among us, otherwise, with the rapid increase of wealth and business in this vast valley, we shall raise up hordes of ignorant and abandoned men, given up to all manner of lawlessness and crime. Knowing what state of things has existed elsewhere, among an ignorant population, it is easy to predict what will be here, if we neglect the vital matter of early moral and intellectual culture.

Ignorant and unthinking men are the dupes of interested and partizan demagogues, whose destructive influence corrupts our government, and saps the very life-blood of our cherished institutions. But let every child be educated as it should be, and, as it may be—then, our institutions will be transmitted to the children of our children in all their purity and excellence. Then our government will fulfill the highest end of all government, the protection of all men, high or low, rich or poor, in the exercise of their just rights—and the wise correction and reformation of the criminal outcast. Is not this an object worthy of our highest efforts? Let us scatter the good seed, broadcast, throughout the land, until every hilltop and every valley shall be joyous with the song of a free and rightly-educated people.

We trust many will be ready to follow the example of our correspondent, and endeavor to obtain a long list of subscribers for the fourth volume of our paper. Back numbers of the present volume are on hand, which will be supplied to those who wish them.

Teachings of Experience.

Experience is an excellent teacher. Educational guide books and papers have been so few, and so limited in their circulation, until within a few years, that individual experience, and common sense, have been almost the sole guides of the teacher. He has gained but little from the experience of others. A brighter day is dawning. We trust the time will soon come, when the teacher's profession shall be abundantly supplied with text books, fully illustrating the theory, the practice, and the philosophy of teaching. In the mean time, educational papers may do much to relieve a want which we are sure young teachers have felt, at the commencement of their career as teachers. The following suggestions, which we have found useful in the daily routine of school teaching, may be of service to the inexperienced.

1. When you begin school the first time, or commence one among strangers, strive to make a happy impression upon the minds of your pupils, by some simple and timely remarks; and by the dispatch with which you bring your school into good order. Everything depends upon the first impression. Children are shrewd observers, and their first impression is frequently the most enduring. Leave your mark upon your pupils the first day, and you will succeed.

2. Do not go into school with a long code of rules, which you intend to have copied by the pupils, or placarded upon the walls of the school room, for their benefit. A few general directions respecting study, recitations, and the spirit which should actuate them, will be sufficient. It will be time enough to correct all improprieties when they occur. Act upon the principle that

your pupils are well-disposed, and intend to do right, until you find them guilty of wrong. Numberless rules frequently tempt pupils to do what they would not think of doing, had it not been suggested by the rule.

3. Classify your school as soon as possible; making as few classes as circumstances will allow. This will enable you to spend your time to the best advantage.

4. Have a particular time for each exercise, and attend to every duty in its allotted time.

5. Teach one thing at a time. Many teachers pretend to govern their school, give assistance in this and that study, at the same time they are attending to a recitation. Do one thing at a time: hear the recitation; then, give the needed assistance; but give it in such a way as to lead your pupils step by step, instead of carrying them upon your shoulders.

6. If you wish your school to be quiet, be orderly and quiet yourself. A noisy teacher will generally have a disorderly, boisterous school. Set the example, in your manner of speaking to your pupils, and moving about the room; and your pupils will, in time, catch your spirit, and imitate your example.

7. If you wish to govern your school successfully, you must first be able to govern yourself.

8. If you wish to gain the affection of your pupils, treat them kindly. Teachers are very apt to be hasty in correcting their pupils. It often happens that teachers think they see a pupil doing what is wrong, and, without stopping to inquire about it, proceed to administer a most cutting rebuke, or, seizing rod or ruler, chastise the offender without mercy. After this, the teacher ascertains that the pupil has not committed any crime worthy such severe treatment, which not only outrages the injured one, but creates a prejudice against the teacher, throughout the thinking part of the school, not easily outgrown, unless he frankly confess his error to the offending pupil, and to the whole school. Many teachers think it will lower their dignity to mention to the school, that they are in the wrong; that they have been too hasty. Teachers mistake, very much, the nature of children, who are quite as ready to appreciate a noble act, and excuse a fault or mistake, when the proper apology is made, as older persons. The high-minded teacher, who sometimes acts too hastily, but afterward frankly and cordially points out to his pupils wherein he has acted unwisely, will gain their highest respect and confidence; for they see that he reverences the right in his own conduct as well as in their own. Salzman, in his "Art of Miseducation", gives an illustration which is very pertinent:

"Little Charlotte was going out into her father's orchard. It was full of violets:

"'Oh!' cries Charlotte, full of joy, 'what beautiful little flowers! I will gather my apron full, and make a nosegay for my mother.'

"She immediately knelt down, and with great industry gathered her apron full: then she seated herself under an apple-tree, and made a handsome nosegay.

"'Here it is!' said she; 'now I will run and carry it to my dear mother. How she will be delighted to kiss me.'

"To increase the pleasure of her mother, she crept slyly into the kitchen, took a China plate, put the nosegay on it, and went on a full leap down the stairs to find her mother. But Charlotte stumbled, fell, and broke the China plate into a hundred pieces, and scattered her nosegay all around. Her mother, who was in the room near by, heard the noise, and immediately sprang to the door. When she saw the broken plate, she ran back, seized a thick rod, and, without inquiring a word about the manner in which the plate was broken, came to the child. Terrified, both by the fall, and on account of the broken plate, and half dead with fear of the rod, little Charlotte could only ejaculate—

"'Dear mother! dear mother!'

"But this was of no service to her:

"You little wretch!" said her mother; "break a beautiful plate, will you?" and chastised her severely.

"Little Charlotte was offended, when she found herself treated with such open injustice. She did not forget it for a long time, and never again brought a nosegay to her mother."

Besides treating your pupils kindly and justly, you should manifest some interest in those things which interest them: Take some part in their amusements, when you can do so with propriety. Great care is necessary, lest a teacher mingle with his pupils in such a way as to allow them to take advantage of him. He should never permit improper treatment, or allow them to take unwarrantable liberties. This he can easily guard against. Teachers should never descend to those familiarities which occasion disrespect. Better take no part in the amusements of your pupils, unless you can preserve your dignity of character. We once knew a teacher, at times, rather severe, who used to join his boys in their plays, during the intermission. He had incurred the displeasure of some of them, who took advantage of these opportunities, to retaliate; and, as one of his pupils informed me, he was sometimes minus a coat tail; or, particular pains would be taken that he should receive the hardest snowballs. They seemed to take delight in offering him some indignity which passed under the name of play.

Grant your pupils favors when you can do so without injury to the school. When you think best to refuse their request, assign a reason, that they may understand why you cannot gratify them. It is not always necessary to give the reason at once, but better to let them wait until a particular hour; especially, if you are engaged at the time of the request.

9. If you wish your pupils to be polite to you, be polite to them. Every morning, bid the roughest boy in your school "Good morning", as he enters the room; and, in one week, he will expect his morning greeting as regularly as he goes to school, and be ready to return it. Cherish the practice of bidding your pupils "Good evening", at the close of the day, and they soon form a polite habit, which they will not forget while you are connected with them. These things may seem unimportant; but they are the secret avenues which lead the teacher to the hearts of his pupils, and through which, he gains a hold upon their affections.

Discouragements of Teachers.

All professions and pursuits have their peculiar trials. The teacher has his. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the success of the faithful and ambitious teacher, is the indifference of parents, growing out of their want of a proper appreciation of education, and their duty to their children.

A few weeks since, we received a communication from a correspondent in Pickaway county, Ohio, who gave us an unpleasant account of the deplorable state of things in that county. Parents, he says, do not value education; they manifest little or no interest in the improvement of their children. The children themselves, while at home, being accustomed to hear constant, daily conversation about neighbors' faults—raising corn, cattle, hogs, and sheep, and some way of making money, go to school to receive instruction, with minds directed to anything else but study; and of course, have very little taste for their books. Some parents will not supply books for their children, because, say they, "It is too expensive." And, adds our correspondent, "what is worse, one half will not send their children to school when it is free. I know," says he, "districts which contain from eighty to a hundred children, and the school does not average twenty, during the year. This, however, is not the condition of all schools. There are some good schools among the bad, but they are few."

This is very lamentable while they have an abundance of funds, and pay their teachers good wages.

We are not surprised that teachers, so unhappily situated, are sometimes discouraged. We presume our correspondent is not the only one thus embarrassed by the neglect of those who should be his warmest friends and co-operators. We are happy to learn that he is always cheered by the presence of a new number of the School Friend, and gratified to know that it has thrown any light upon this path. We would say to him and all thus situated, press on; keep up good courage; retire not from the field while you are conscious of doing any good; be not easily disheartened. This is not the time for discouragement, especially for Ohio; when Teachers' Institutes are everywhere springing up, and state and county conventions are becoming the order of the day. But it is the day of hope. The light of a brighter day is already breaking through the thick mist of ignorance and chilling indifference which has long clouded our moral and intellectual heavens. We trust, Ohio will soon be in the line by the side of Massachusetts and New York, doing a good work for the education of her children. She is doing well, but more needs to be done. Every faithful teacher, every friend of education, every patriot, whose soul is alive to the intellectual and spiritual progress of his race—who recognizes in every child, the glorious image of the Father of Spirits, will always regret a state of things like that referred to by our correspondent, wherever it exists. But shall we fold our arms and sit down, hoping to gain victories by complaint and inaction? No. Our duty is plain. Let us invoke the blessing of Heaven and He will give us strength equal to our work. Let us arm ourselves with facts and arguments which will be mighty for the pulling down of the strong holds of prejudice, apathy, and ignorance. Let us collect and disseminate information bearing upon a true reform in our common schools. If you, teachers, have not information at hand, seek it from other sources. You will generally find a few persons in your districts who will lend a willing ear to your arguments. Get them enlisted in the cause. Induce them to converse with their neighbors. Consult the fathers of your pupils, yourselves: if they are deaf to your entreaties, turn to the mothers; if their ears are dull of hearing, turn to your school. THERE IS YOUR FIELD; and, if you are faithful, the next generation will not only hold you in grateful remembrance, but will carry on the work which you have begun. Sow good seed, and the promise shall not fail—there will be an abundant harvest. If you do not reap it, others will, but your reward will not be lessened.

But, says a teacher, "what can I do with a school whose home influence is against me, whose parents feel no sympathy for me?" We reply, you must be the center of attraction—the Sun of that school. You must so prepare yourself at home, that when you go into your school, you can make every eye sparkle, and every heart leap for joy at the interesting things you may say to them during the day's intercourse. Illustrate your recitations by something relating to them, and which at the same time is exceedingly interesting. Spend ten or fifteen minutes daily, in conversation with your school, or a particular class, in a familiar way, about Natural History, Philosophy, Physiology, or something of the kind, and in a little time, your pupils will importune you to talk to them about this and that subject.

What you tell them will be sure to go home to the parents. Gain the affection and confidence of your pupils, and you have gained the friendship and respect of their parents. Having secured these two objects, you can easily accomplish more. Make your school so interesting, that it will be next to impossible to keep your pupils at home. Make your school so interesting, that your pupils will tell you that it does not seem like going to school (for such schools do exist), and you will

have worked out a reform which will be glory enough for one man, and an ample reward for your labors. We are not theorizing—but giving you the results of actual experience.

Literary Notices.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.—The July number of Sartain's Magazine has been received. For sale by Post & Co., dealers in periodicals, No. 10 East Third street, and Sixth street, west of Plum. Terms—Three dollars in advance: two copies for five dollars.

THE PICTORIAL NATIONAL LIBRARY, for June, is before us. We have already given some notice of this monthly periodical. Judging from the table of contents, this number will be found useful and entertaining. It contains biographical sketches of Generals Scott and Mercer. For sale by Post & Co. Two dollars per annum, in advance.

What ought the Teacher to be?

He ought, in the first place, to be a *live* man. Those slow, sluggish mortals, who go through the world as if the gravity of the universe depended upon the gravity of their pace, are entirely unfitted for communicating truth to young minds. The young are naturally lively and quick in both physical and mental exercises,—and are incapable of long-continued application:—hence, the slow teacher physically tires the learner by the length of time employed in his illustrations, and intellectually renders himself uninteresting, for the mind of the child invariably outstrips his own, and grasps the thought long before his halting gait has reached it.

In the second place, the teacher ought to be a careful observer of men and things. He should be well versed in the news of the day; and for the purpose of acquiring information of a general character, he should be a paying subscriber and a careful peruser of some good newspaper. Too many teachers know nothing outside of their school books and school house: and, by consequence, are much less interesting in their matter and manner of communicating, than they should be. He who keeps up with the times, and is a careful observer of the advancement of knowledge among men, can seize upon many little incidents, and call to his aid many interesting facts, with which to rivet the attention, and excite the thinking powers of his pupils. Much of the teacher's usefulness depends upon the good impression he may make upon the minds of his patrons: for he that does not enlist their sympathy and coöperation, cannot exert the largest and best influence over his scholars. But how can the teacher who is deficient in general information, who looks not beyond the little sphere of his professional duties, make himself an interesting or instructive companion to his patrons?

Let the teacher, then, who may desire to impart instruction in a sprightly and profitable manner, and who may wish to secure the influence of the parents of his pupils in his favor, so use the eyes and ears which nature's God has given him, that he may ever have at his command something new and interesting, with which to arouse the attention of his drowsy scholars.—*Clarion*.

The Secret of Success.

There are some men who appear born to good fortune, and others whose destiny seems to subject them to eternal disaster. The ancients represented Fortune as a blind Goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination; and in more modern times, the belief has been prevalent that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the planet under which he was born. These superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connection between merit and success is not very conspicuous, yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world, is of itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind, indeed, it may be, but a useful kind, notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that those qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life, are, to a great extent, *subversive of genius*. Nevertheless, numerous illustrious examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly-wise as duller mortals. It is the pretenders to genius, rather than the possessor of it, who claim the largest exemption from those rules of prudence which regulate the conduct of ordinary mortals, and array themselves in the deformities of genius, in the idea that they constitute its beauties. There are some indiscretions, we believe, to which men of a vigorous fancy and keen sensibility are naturally heir, and for which it would be unjust to condemn them with vigor, as it would be to blame one of the cold-blooded sons of discretion for being destitute of poetic fire. Yet every deviation from prudence is a fault, and not to be imitated, though it may sometimes be excused.

The most important element of success is economy; economy of money and of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return in either gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means, and will involve us, in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of experiments has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this: "Work much and spend little." If this advice is followed, success must come—unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitations of Providence, should arrest the progress onward; but, in the ordinary course of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which property must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can only be desirable in so far as it will contribute to happiness very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence toward every animated being. "Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is the proportion of the number of

things we love, and the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe, who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none; his life is a dream; a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he will descend to the grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success remember, that success is nothing without happiness.—*Sears' Pictorial Magazine.*

State Normal Schools.

Of the acts of the last Legislature, the one establishing this institution is among the most important. Our system of education is a good one, but the establishment of a school for the express purpose of preparing teachers for their duty, will give a higher tone to public instruction.

The school is to be under the direction of a board of education, consisting of five members, three of whom are appointed by the Governor and Senate. The Lieut. Governor and Superintendent of Public instruction are members of the Board, by virtue of their office. The latter is Secretary of the Board. The Board will probably meet soon for the purpose of organizing, and it will be their duty to locate the school "in or near some village in the State."

Twenty-five sections of the Salt Spring Lands are appropriated for the support of the school.

The Board is composed of the following gentlemen:

HON. WM. M. FENTON,	} <i>Ex-Office.</i>
HON. F. W. SHERMAN,	
SAMUEL BARSTOW,	
SAMUEL NEWBERRY,	
RANDOLPH MANNING.— <i>Marsh. Ex.</i>	

The World was made for All.

In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged, petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now we hear of the many; once the prerogatives of part, now the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes

of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of a human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized upon the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dream of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish; but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all.—These propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr. Channing.*

Coffee as a Disinfective.

Coffee has been recently discovered to be one of the best disinfecting agents known in the world. The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room, in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell, on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a dungpit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the dungpit continued for several hours after.

The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is ready for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

I have been made to feel there is no oratory like that which has heaven for its roof, and no teaching like that teaching of the Spirit which created, and still overshadow the world with its infinite wing.—*William Howitt.*

Think.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind.—There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving them utterance only—you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will soon learn to write—the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles, would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

A GOOD WIFE.—A friend of ours, who has been spending a few weeks in the country, and who has visited some of the private dwellings of the rustic inhabitants, tells of a singular old man who lives near Brookfield. He is somewhat noted for his odd expressions. He was one day visited by a small party of ladies and gentlemen who went to hear his talk. "Now young gentlemen," said he, "I will give you some directions how to tell a good wife. A good wife will be like three things, and she will *not* be like them. She will be like the snail who stays at home, and she will not be like the snail who carries all it has on its back. She will be like the echo, that speaks when spoken to, and she will not be like the echo, always to have the last word. She will be like the town clock, that speaks at the right time, and she will not be like the town clock, heard all over town!"

The ground of a man's culture lies in his NATURE, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward education. He is to be educated, because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, and pins.—*Channing.*

CHILDHOOD.—Happy child! Thy cradle is to thee like infinite space. Become a man, and the great world will be too narrow for thee.

Schiller.

A Beautiful Legend.

We find in a late sermon of Theodore Parker, the following story. The subject of the discourse is "rest."

"They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple on feastday disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and the praise of all men. The third, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must be in the old age of one who is very rich, very powerful, very famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth, said that all these were vain unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, 'Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest, who to all these things addeth this, that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

"There sat in the Court a fair-haired boy, playing with the lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them with astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest, who loveth his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul! He is greater than fame and wealth and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is a law to himself, and above all to tradition. The doctors were astonished. They said, when Christ cometh shall he tell us greater things? And they thanked God, for they said the old men are not always wise, yet, God be praised that out of the mouth of this young suckling has His praise become perfect."

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever it is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up through aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full and is affected neither by the rains or by the droughts. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of the earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet deep large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking on the stem, and their leaves and branches in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees as before, and thus alternately chalk and vegetable earth, to the depth of sixty-three feet.

Incomprehensibility of God.

All the discoveries of modern science serve to exalt the Deity; but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of his purposes. They make Him greater, but they do not make Him more comprehensible. He is more shrouded in the mystery than ever. It is not Himself whom we see, it is his workmanship; and every new addition to its grandeur and to its variety, which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding to a greater distance than before, from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect. Instead of the God of a single world, we now see Him presiding, in all the majesty of his high attributes, over a mighty range of innumerable systems. To our little eye he is wrapped in more awful mysteriousness; and every new glimpse which astronomy gives us of the universe, magnifies, to the apprehension of our mind, that impassable barrier which stands between the counsel of his Sovereign and those fugitive beings who trust their evanescent hour in the humblest of its mansions. If this invisible Being would only break that mysterious silence in which He has wrapped Himself, we feel that a single word from his mouth would be worth a world of darkling speculations. Every new triumph which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery, binds us more firmly to our Bible; and by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God, do we prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of his authentic communication.

Dr. Chalmers.

Great Men.

One of the chief characteristics of a truly great man is, his refusal to be entirely molded into the form of the society in which he lives, and his striking out bold and original paths of his own. He stamps his own mind on the age in which he lives. He often fights with and controls circumstances, rises in spite of the dead weight pressing him down. Indeed, it would seem that when the Almighty intrusted great faculties to any man, he placed him in adverse circumstances, in order that the majesty and might of those powers might be better exhibited by their fierce struggles with outward foes. A great man, it is true, must express, to a certain extent, the idea or spirit of his age, but he guides even when he obeys it. Genius sets up the standard of revolt against old opinions, and thousands who before were vacillating then flock to it. Great minds perceive with clearness those ideas of progress which small minds perceive indistinctly. Hence the enthusiasm so common to many great men. They feel so perfectly assured of the truth of their opinions, that they go right onward in their course, sustained by an unwavering faith, and with none of those doubts and fears common to indistinct perception. Your truly great man, too, is energetic; he uses his own will, and is not to be shaken from his purpose.

Mathematical Department.

QUESTION, BY THOMAS LUND.—A shopkeeper, who was a bad bookkeeper, knows neither the weight nor the first cost of an article which he had purchased. He only recollects that if he had sold the whole at \$1.50 per lb., he would have gained \$5 by it; and if he had sold it at \$1.10 per lb., he would have lost \$15 by it. What was the weight and first cost of the article?

SOLUTION, BY WM. H. NORTH.—Let x = the number of lbs. purchased, and y = the price per lb. or first cost.

Then xy = the first cost.

$$\frac{3x}{2} = \text{the price must sell for to gain \$5.}$$

$$\frac{11x}{10} = \text{the price must sell for to lose \$15.}$$

$$\text{Then, } \frac{3x}{2} - xy = 5 \text{ dollars gain (1).}$$

$$\text{And } xy - \frac{11x}{10} = 15 \text{ dollars loss (2).}$$

$$\frac{2x}{5} = 20, \text{ by adding these equations together.}$$

Hence $x = 50$ lbs., the weight.

And $y = \$1.40$, price per lb., or first cost.

ANALYTICAL SOLUTION, BY MRS. WOODS.—The difference between gaining \$5 and losing \$15, is \$20. The differences between the prices of selling to gain \$5 and selling to lose \$15, is 40 cts. per lb. At 40 cents per lb. \$20 will buy 50 lbs., the required weight. And if by selling at \$1.50 per lb. he gains \$5, on one pound he gains 10 cents; hence \$1.50 minus 10 cents leaves \$1.40 for the first cost.

Correct algebraical solutions were furnished by E. S. Brown, Imri Kelly, Wm. Baughman, Ezra A. Martin, Wm. K. Leonard, Alanson Carrell, John Markel, and J. D. Low. The question was solved by analysis by R. W. McFarland, Wm. K. Leonard, E. S. Brown, Ezra G. Martin, and J. D. Low.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, BY SCOTIS.—It was observed that a cylindrical tub, whose length was just double the diameter, held ten gallons more when full, than when inclined in an angle of forty degrees from the perpendicular. The dimensions and capacity of the vessel are required, a gallon being supposed to contain 231 cubic inches.

QUESTION PROPOSED BY WM. H. NORTH.—A schoolmaster was hired for one month upon these conditions, that if he had 20 scholars, he was to have \$25; and if he had 30 scholars, he was to have \$30. It so happened that he had 29 scholars; what were his wages?

Mr. N. says that it is stated the answer is \$29.725. He wishes the question submitted to the readers of the School Friend, as he is not satisfied with any solution he has yet seen.

Solutions to these questions will be acknowledged in the September number of the School Friend.

ABSTRACT OF THE
METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER,

KEPT AT

Woodward College, Cincinnati,
Lat. 39 deg. 6 minutes N.; Long. 84 deg. 27 minutes W.
150 feet above Low Water Mark in the Ohio.

BY JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

May, 1849.

Day of M.	Fahrheit. Therm'ter			Barom		Wind.		Weather.	Clearness of Sky.	Rain.
	Min.	Max.	Mean	Mean	hight	A. M.	P. M.			
1	50	64	53.8	29.531		n w	n w	1 var'ble	3	
2	45	71	60.6	.580		n e	n e	1 fair	9	
3	53	87	70.3	.424		s w	s w	1 var'ble	3	
4	65	85	74.6	.378		do	do	3 fair	6	.06
5	66	72	69.3	.331		do	do	2 var'ble	1	1.92
6	66	79	70.6	.209		do	do	1 do	2	
7	63	84	69.5	.097		do	do	1 do	4	.31
8	60	77	65.7	.114		n w	n w	1 do	2	
9	54	74	61.7	.279		n e	n e	1 do	4	
10	52	69	57.7	.187		n	n	1 fair	6	
11	46	72	59.3	.165		do	do	1 do	9	
12	56	71	63.2	.029		e	s w	3 cloudy	0	.62
13	54	65	56.2	.043		w	w	3 var'ble	5	
14	50	71	61.0	.109		do	do	3 do	5	
15	54	76	63.7	.123		e	s	1 do	1	
16	56	74	62.0	.147		s	e	1 do	3	
17	52	80	64.8	.196		n	n e	2 do	3	
18	53	75	63.2	.329		n e	do	1 fair	7	.18
19	52	74	63.0	.49		do	do	1 do	7	.11
20	58	80	68.3	.311		s w	s w	3 do	7	
21	62	85	72.3	.189		do	do	3 var'ble	4	
22	64	82	69.8	.060		do	do	2 do	4	
23	57	76	64.7	.177		w	west	2 fair	8	
24	52	65	55.8	.272		n w	n	2 do	8	
25	46	69	56.8	.294		n e	n e	2 var'ble	5	
26	49	76	64.7	.153		e	e	1 fair	8	.18
27	61	76	65.3	.134		west	w	1 var'ble	5	
28	57	70	61.7	.240		do	do	1 cloudy	0	.16
29	57	68	60.8	.345		do	do	1 var'ble	1	
30	56	78	66.3	.836		do	do	1 do	5	
31	56	82	66.5	.843		do	do	2 fair	7	

EXPLANATION.—The 1st column contains the day of the month; the 2d the minimum or least height of the thermometer, during the twenty-four hours beginning with the dawn of each day; the 3d the maximum, or greatest height during the same period; the 4th the mean or average temperature of the day, reckoning from sunrise to sunrise; the 5th the mean height of the barometer, corrected for capillarity, and reduced to the temperature of freezing water. In estimating the force of the wind, 0 denotes calm, 1 a gentle breeze, 2 a strong breeze, 3 a light wind, 4 a strong wind, and 5 a storm. In estimating the clearness of the sky, 10 denotes entire clearness, or that which is nearly so, and the other figures, from 0 to 10, the corresponding proportions of clearness. The other columns need no explanation.

SUMMARY.—
Least height of Thermometer, 45 deg.
Greatest height of do 87
Monthly range of do 42
Least daily variation of do 6
Greatest daily variation of do 34
Mean temperature of month, 60.9
do do at sunrise, 55.7
do do at 2 P. M. 75.
Coldest day, March 3d.
Mean temperature of coldest day, 36.7
Warmest day, March 14th.
Mean temp. of warmest day, 74.5
Minimum height of Barometer, 29.972 inches
Maximum do do 29.569 do
Range of do do .617 do
Mean height of do 29.243 do
No. of days of rain and snow, 4.
Perpendicular depth of rain and melted snow, 8.65 in.

WEATHER.—Clear and fair, eleven days; variable 18 days—cloudy, 2 days.

WIND.—N. 3 days; N. E. 5½ days; E. 2½ days; S. 1 day; S. W. 8½ days; W. 8 days; N. W. 2½ days.

MEMORANDA.—1st morning wet and unpleasant, P. M. fair and pleasant; 2d, fair and pleasant; 3d, warm and variable; 4th, warm, showery evening; 5th, heavy shower 12 to 1 P. M. heavy rain 9 to 10 P. M.; 6th, warm and variable, light shower 11 A. M.; 7th, warm rain 9 P. M. and latter part of night; 8th to 12th, pleasant and variable; 12th very variable, storm of rain and hail the latter part of night; 13th, light shower 1½ to 2 P. M.; 14th to 18th, variable; 18th to 21st, fair; 21st and 22d, variable and showery; 23d to

26th, fair, variable and cold; 26th, pleasant and fair, shower in night; 27th, variable; 28th, nearly cloudy, drizzly and showery; 29th, variable, with sprinkle of rain; 30th and 31st, fair and pleasant.

OBSERVATIONS.—The weather during the month has not presented any feature worthy of special notice. The mean temperature is very nearly that of the average mean of May for the last 15 years, while the quantity of rain is about one fifth less than the average amount. On the whole, the character of the weather has not been unfriendly either to health or to the progress of vegetation.

SPRING.—In meteorological reckoning, spring includes the period from March 1st to May 1st. The average mean temperature of this period for the last fifteen years, is 53.93; the mean temperature of the spring of 1849, is 54.34; being nearly the same as the average. The mean quantity of rain in the spring for 15 years, is 11.94 inches; the whole quantity of rain in the spring of 1849, is 11.93 inches, almost exactly the same as the average.

From the United States Journal.
Excelsior.

Scorned be the heart disappointment embitters;
Base be the soul for a moment enchained;
Power is within thee to burst the strong fetters,
And mount to a height yet by mortal ungained.
More fragrant the balm when its branches are shaken,
Sweeter the lyre notes the winged breezes waken;
The steel on the flintstone is carelessly hurled,
But the blaze which upspringeth illumines the world.

Fix not thine eyes on the dark cloud above thee,
Think of the pure sky and sunlight beyond;
Let not the toil of the journey unnerve thee;
Though seldom 'tis trod, yet the path may be found.
Upward!—the dart may unerringly fly
At the eagle which swerves from his course toward
the sky;
Down the deep glen may the wild torrent pour;
Amid the sweet valleys, the fierce tempests roar.

Let not the loud-sounding billows alarm thee;
View the dark gulf with a heart void of fear;
Only the syren-tongued pleasure may harm thee,
Only the anchor-hold prove insecure.
Venture!—the reef lies nearest the shore;
Far out to the sea dies the deafening roar;
The torrent and wave meet in fearful commotion,
But calm is their flow when they blend in mid ocean.

It is valueless!—all which we strive not to gain,—
But priceless!—the guerdon of labor and sorrow,
Then not what thou hast, but what thou wouldst
win;
Not the toil of today,—but the prize of to-
morrow.
Onward!—the mountain stream swells as it flows.
As higher the sun rises the brighter it grows;
The proud tree on the wing of the wind may be
borne,
But the roots which strike deepest are the last up-
torn.

"Excelsior!"—grave on thy sword furbished
bright—
In letters of fire, and the foeman shall quail;
Let it blaze like a star on the brow of the night—
From the folds of thy banner flung wide to the
gale.

Look up! when no cloud hangs its dark mantle o'er
thee;

Rest! when no height rears its summit before thee;
Wreaths for the victor, when battle is won!
A smile from thy God, when life's labor is done!

SOPHRON.

Exeter, New Hampshire.

The Lion's Leap.

Once when I was traveling in Nemaqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoor of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemaqua chief told me that a lion had been practicing his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eyewitness to the incident:

I was passing near the end of a craggy hill from which jutted out a smooth rock, of from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock beyond was quite steep. A lion was creeping toward the rock to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, until he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again and again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief added, they evidently were talking to each other, although they talked loud enough, but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me.—*Captain Marryat's Scenes in Africa.*

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Let no youth flatter himself that he can succeed in any undertaking, or eminence in any employment, without patience, toil, and persevering labor.

Education of some kind is unavoidable. We must choose, therefore, between the casual education of circumstances, which is bad, and the formal tuition of teachers and parents, which may, and should, be good.—*Potter.*

LIGHT FROM THE OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells, and swimming nimbly about; one hundred and twenty of which in a row would extend but one inch. Beside these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ, and myriads of three distinct species of worms, which shine in the dark like glowworms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the center of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

The greatest man, is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

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